

# The Six-penny Whore,

OR THE

## London Frolick.

*Being a true Relation, how a Porter and a Counsellors Wife were found in Bed together near West-Smithfield.*

*To the Tune of a Figg for France.*

I.

**Y**ou London Dames I pray give ear,  
A story true I will declare,  
Of a Porter & a Counsellors Wife  
These two did live a gallant Life,  
I pray give ear, and hear the rest,  
And you shall hear a pleasant Jest,  
Saith she, my Husband doth me Scorn,  
I will then make him ware the Horn.

II.

She being Whorish they do say,  
Her Husband from her went away,  
She like a Mifs then of the Town,  
Both Day and Night sails up and down,  
With her Rouling eyes she doth stare,  
Seeking what man she can insnare,  
And my Husband, &c.

III.

She sailing late about the streets,  
Her dear Neddy there she meets.  
And in great hast these two did Come  
Near to Smithfield, unto her home,  
To Bed they went, and thought no harm,  
Thinking to sport with his fine Dame,  
And my Husband, &c.

IV.

They being then discovered,  
And hardly warm then in their Bed,  
Her Landlady chance to come there,  
Which made the Porter stink for fear,  
And pull'd him out where he was laid,  
And soundly he there was paid,  
And since her Husband did her Scorn,  
The Porter thought him for to Horn.

*Entred according to Order.*

V.

He feeling of her blows did Smart,  
Which strook a Damp unto his Heart,  
Because he was beaten by Woman-kind,  
Which much then troubled his mind;  
He swears he neer will her come nigh,  
Cursing his fate most bitterly,  
You Porters all then have a care,  
And meddle not with Lawyers gear.

VI.

A pretty Creature she is then,  
She's enough to Ravish any Man;  
This Porter thought he had been Blest,  
Thinking one Night with her to rest,  
But he was much deceived there,  
And Swears he will not her come near,  
You Porters all, &c.

VII.

A thousand pitties 'tis I do say,  
This Woman is given to go astray,  
For she's a Blith and Buxum Lase,  
And for a Six-pence she'll show her A--  
She'll sware and lie tho she was mad,  
And have a P-- if it is to be had,  
You Porters all, &c.

VIII.

So to Conclude, I'll make an end,  
Hoping this Porter his Life will mend,  
And Frolick no more with Woman-kind,  
For they are as fickle as the Wind,  
But be contented with your own Wife,  
Beloving to her, and live not at strife,  
You Porters all then have a care,  
And meddle not with Womens gear,